A

LETTER

TO THE

Rev. JOSEPH STOPFORD,

WHEREIN

A PROPOSAL MADE TO THE AUTHOR,

BY THE

FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE,

IS STATED AND CONSIDERED.

By THEOPHILUS SWIFT, Esq.

Litera scripta manet.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY AND FOR THOMAS BURNSIDE,

No. 10,

LOWER LIFFEY-STREET.

1795.

ERRATA.

Page 15. note, line 7, for *Crytography*, read *Cryptography*.

Ibid. line 8, for *reqires* read *requires*.

LETTER, &c.

DEAR SIR,

FEW circumſtances of a life devoted, as mine has been, to the ſofter duties of ſociety; and ever pleaſed with the recollection of thoſe tender interchanges that ſweeten while they ſtrengthen friendſhip; have at any time more deeply pained my feelings than the occaſion which now calls upon me to addreſs you. To differ with you, dear Sir, is to differ with virtue: I venerate your worth, becauſe I know it well: I eſteem you as a man, becauſe you add to great learning the dignity of a gentleman: and I regard your friendſhip, becauſe I ſhould be at once unkind and ungrateful, were I inſenſible for a moment to your affectionate care of a youth whom I am not aſhamed to call my ſon;—a youth whom you have return-

ed to me the more endeared by that very inſtruction and thoſe excellent precepts with which you have adorned him. Yet even that ſon, the pride and delight of my heart, I would not allow either to ſuſpect my truth, or to queſtion my honor. They are jewels of immenſe value, and muſt not be lightly parted with. By your notice you have given them a new price; and from the value that your touch has ſet upon them, they acquire an eſtimation in my own eyes which perhaps they did not deſerve before. You will not therefore deem me unkind, ſhould I inveſtigate a queſtion the truth of which your own honor has denied. I call it a *queſtion*, becauſe the public has made it one;--a queſtion of veracity between two gentlemen, who are entitled to equal credit until that public ſhall have decided upon the truth of the one or of the other. God forbid I ſhould anticipate any triumph, or aſſume what an impartial tribunal may deny me! Such pre-judgment would argue a poor mind, and I am ſure a weak cauſe; nor ſhould I deal liberally by you, dear Sir, were I by any unfair attempt to cloſe the door againſt your production of better proofs, or

even

even better arguments, than thoſe with which accident and ſome other circumſtances may have furniſhed me. So little am I diſpoſed to pre-judge the queſtion, that I could wiſh the public would ſuſpend their determination, till your reply may be laid before them: for I do not dread to meet the ſtatement of an adverſary, whoſe candor is as ready to acknowledge a miſtake, as his talents are able to defend the truth. For my own part, I ſhall not miſlead the public mind by any efforts of wit, or other diverſion from the point on which we are met. "I ſtand," as I told you on a late occaſion, "upon the rock of Truth, and look down with indifference on the idle waves that break at my feet." I am not diſpoſed to relinquiſh my ground; it is a ſafe one, and I cannot change it for a better. With confidence, therefore, not in my own abilities, but in the goodneſs of my cauſe, I proceed without farther introduction to aſſert my claim to credit: and in doing this, I deſire it may be underſtood that I do not deny veracity to another, but am content to defend my own.

You will pleaſe, dear Sir, to recollect that when I ſaid in my book the board had ſent me a formal propoſal, I did not name *you* as the bearer of that propoſal. I had many reaſons for not bringing you forward, and none more powerful than your own "uneaſineſs," diſcovered in a letter which I had the honor to receive from you, as ſoon as you found I had "made an exception in your favor in my general lecture to the fellows of the College." But I wanted not this inducement to withold your name: the delicacy of my friendſhip did not allow me to implicate you with a ſet of men whoſe conduct had rendered them odious;--men whoſe principles had become a theme of mirth to the youthful virtue of the country. For theſe and other obvious reaſons I forbore to name you; and if you will not be offended, I ſhould preſume you were ſenſible of my motive, when on the Saturday night after the publication of my book, you mentioned to me that the board had that morning come to a reſolution, denying the propoſal. On my treating their denial with contempt, and inſtancing this as a freſh proof of their diſingenuouſneſs—you diſclaim your commiſſion!—

You

You tell me the board had been naming *you* as the bearer of the propoſal.—But why, let me aſk, ſhould they name you, if they had not employed you ?—*I* did not name you.

Why, dear Sir, did you not diſclaim the propoſal previous to the meeting of the board? You had been reading my book for three days before the board had conferred with you, and you continued to acquieſce until they deputed you a *ſecond time* to get them out of their difficulties. You then grow ſolicitous to diſown what the world had not perſonally attributed to you, and what my friendſhip had taken care the world ſhould *not* attribute to you. But you take no alarm, you deny no commiſſion, you diſpute no propoſal, 'till the *board* had diſcovered the tranſaction was made public.

It was not I who began the ſubject; you began it yourſelf; you ſtopped me in the ſtreet to expreſs your concern that I had publiſhed the matter, and haſtily ſaid, "You may remember I never brought you any ſuch propoſal." As I both loved and reſpected you, I felt

I felt an indelicacy in *directly* charging you with what you had ſo ſtudiouſly and guardedly denied: but my veracity was queſtioned; and ſomething was to be ſacrificed even to friendſhip. My firſt ſurpriſe being over, I reſervedly anſwered, "I did not accuſe you: but it is very odd, Mr. Stopford, you ſhould now take it up, if you had not mentioned it to me:" and I added, "why do you excuſe yourſelf when I did not charge you?" Thoſe, dear Sir, if my memory do not deceive me, and it is ſometimes pretty correct, were my very words. You then ſaid, "moſt decidedly I never brought you any ſuch propoſal."—I replied with the ſame reſerve, "I believe I received a letter from you on the ſubject, and perhaps may be able to find it,"—You ſtarted and ſaid, "If you *have* ſuch a letter, I ſhall not know what to think."—And by the way, dear Sir, this gives a new turn to my caſe, inaſmuch as it proves that the ſame memory which failed to recollect the writing of a confidential letter, might alſo fail to recollect a converſation on the *ſubject* of that letter.—You concluded with obſerving, that "The board had called it an infamous propoſal."—

My

My anſwer you cannot forget, "Infamous as it was, *you* made it."—We parted.

After what had paſſed, I little expected that the Molochs of the board, "infamous" as they now had made themſelves by an order of their own, would ſacrifice Virtue in human ſhape to the Dagon of falſehood. They had found that when they ſent forth one unfortunate man as the champion of their orders, he had returned to them diſgraced by the foot of honeſt reſentment. They reſolved to correct their miſtake; and then dear Sir, made *you* the Rinaldo of the common danger, hoping that your virtue would overcome the difficulty. They did well: they *knew* they had deputed you; but afterward found it convenient to ſurpriſe you into a belief, and even a declaration, that they had *not*; for they flattered themſelves, and not without reaſon, that in the long ſpace of five months you might have forgot the circumſtance. Nor did their views end here: they hoped by this fineſſe to derive to themſelves a credit which the world had denied them; and that by unloading the guilt

of

of the "Infamous Propoſal" from their own ſhoulders, they might place it with more ſafety on the back of him whoſe character, if it could not *procure* them virtue, might at leaſt *impute* it to them. But in this they deceived themſelves; and familiar with Ithuriel, did not ſuſpect that the virtue of his ſpear would touch them into deformity.

That you could depute yourſelf, is impoſſible: but that you were deputed by others is not only poſſible, but will appear to be true from *your own letter*. It rarely happens that confidential meſſages are both delivered in perſon and attended with written evidence: but for that very reaſon, whenever it *does* happen, they are entitled to the fulleſt credit. For another reaſon, where evidence of a ſecret nature happens to be written, it is generally guarded, and expreſſed with caution; more eſpecially ſo if the following day be appointed for a fuller diſcuſſion of the ſubject. To this may be added, that if the paper which imparts a confidential meſſage be a ſort of looſe note, it would be impoſſible that a *direct* explanation could take place, though it might

go

go to the notice which ſome people had taken of an intended publication. And indeed it were highly improbable, that either you, Sir, could write me on a fugitive leaf an *expreſs* propoſal, containing matter of equal confidence and importance;—or that I ſhould embrace a ſerious and intereſting offer without due deliberation, or even due explanation. For the ſame reaſon you reſerve the unfolding of the buſineſs to a more convenient time; viz. nine o'clock the following morning. I had been come to town but a few days, and having written half a dozen pages of my book in the country, and ſhown them to as many friends, the "fame" of them, as you are pleaſed to ſtate it, had travelled to the board.

In the moment that I am about to produce your letter, I feel an embarraſſment.—The laws of politeneſs forbid the publication: the laws of friendſhip forbid it; the laws of confidence forbid it. What am I to do? Were you a man of leſs credit, I would riſk mine upon the iſſue, and riſe ſuperior on my own truth. In a

leſs dangerous ſituation I would forego the advantage: but all is at ſtake, and yourſelf, Sir, by publickly denying the propoſal, have called upon me to produce the letter.

To THEOPHILUS SWIFT, Eſq.

Saturday

Dear Sir

I ſhall have the pleaſure of calling on you tomorrow before 9 o'clock to ſpeak with you about your rooms as there was ſome converſation about them at the board to day. There was alſo ſome converſation about an intended publication of yours the fame of which has travelled here from the Co^y. of Meath.

Yours truly

J. STOPFORD.

The firſt thing that ſtrikes us in this letter, is the *ſuddenneſs* of your application. I was juſt arrived in town, the "fame of my intended publication" had travelled before me, and the board ſit "to day," (Saturday.) No time muſt be loſt; you muſt ſee me "in the morning," (Sunday) and "before nine." This appears

on the face of the letter; and in the courſe of our converſation the following day, it will turn out that you requeſt I will not publiſh *till after the next board.* The whole is of a piece; the links are unbroken, and there is no ſeparating them.

I believe I have all the billets or letters with which you have at any time favoured me: for as I always loved and reſpected you, I preſerved them from motives of eſteem. Where you have neglected to put the dates of the month, I have ſupplied them with my pen; for there is a pleaſure in tracing diſtant times and circumſtances: friendſhip delights in the recognition of them, and good minds turn them to a moral account. Let the ignorant ſneer, and the vitious ſcoff: I am not aſhamed of thoſe weak impreſſions that ſoften indeed the heart, but ennoble human nature: and I had rather ſigh over the paſt memorial of one tender act, or one affectionate ſcene to which I had been witneſs, than live to poſterity the Homer of the world.

Well, dear Sir, I have marked your billet June 21, 1794.—The circumſtance is of

 moment,

moment, becauſe it correſponds with the date of another letter which I wrote to my ſon, and to which I ſhall have occaſion to refer; for in *that* letter the whole of our interview is explained at large. To be ſure it is not *direct* evidence, or that ſort of proof which the courts have termed *legal:* but it is better than legal proof, for law has often been found to err, where moral preſumption has aſcertained truth. My letter will ſhow the impreſſion on my own mind at the time I was writing; the facts were then recent, and I could not be miſtaken. I could not write the letter to my ſon for the purpoſe of deceiving him, at the very moment I was adviſing and conſulting with him. The cauſe was his own; I had taken it up for him: I could have no intereſt, no temptation to miſlead him, but had every inducement to inform and to ſet him right. I was writing *for* him, as well as *to* him: to deceive him, was deceiving myſelf, and undoing not only my own credit as an author, but the credit of the very book by which he was to ſtand or to fall. No man has queſtioned the

the truths contained in Swift's Journal to Stella*; and yet Jonathan had not the ſame inducement to be correct that I had; if therefore my letter be of no account or authority, the Journal is ſpurious, and written with a view

* I know not whether it be neceſſary to inform the learned and the curious, that I have two original manuſcripts of the Dean's, one of them the Journal to Stella, publiſhed by my father, and which, *as far as it goes*, is genuine: the other, the ſame Journal intermixed with other diurnal circumſtances which the Dean did not think either ſafe or expedient to communicate. This manuſcript is a ſort of Crytography, written in ſo ſmall a character, that it reqires a magnifying glaſs to fix the words, and not always with that preciſion which an author could wiſh. I ſpent near a quarter of a year, to the great injury of my ſight, in deciphering and tranſcribing this manuſcript. The *tranſcript* I brought with me to Ireland, but the *Original* I left in England with other papers. Should the curious however, deſire the publication, I ſhall be happy to make them a preſent of it. At all events, the caution with which the Dean witholds certain things from his fair correſpondent, together with the blind and ſteganographic manner in which the manuſcript is briefed, (to uſe a law phraſe) are no bad proof that his Hiſtory of the Four laſt years of Queen Anne is compoſed from authentic materials. It ſeems as if the Dean wiſhed that no perſon but himſelf ſhould be in poſſeſſion of the *ſecret* facts that laid the foundation of his Hiſtory. And this circumſtance, once known, will obviate the principal objections that have been raiſed againſt the work.

view to deceive both Stella and the reſt of mankind. I could not foreſee that a ſtrong truth, coming from a body of men, would ever be denied; much leſs could I diſcover that their denial would render them more learned or more virtuous than my book had made them appear. My *Animadverſions* remain the very ſame whether any propoſal was or was not made to me: but their clamorous *denial* of one page, and their cautious *ſilence* upon all the reſt, have ſanctioned the remainder of the work. My book was juſt as perfect whether I had noticed the circumſtance or not: it did not require that I ſhould notice it at all: nor did I at the time of writing it, conceive it a queſtion of importance one way or the other: and this accounts for the paſſing manner with which I have treated it in page 72. I would aſk, *Cui bono?* What was I to propoſe to myſelf from the deception? What benefit, what good could reſult from it? And was I not more likely to be a loſer than a gainer by the forgery? But a better reaſon than all the foregoing, is yet unſtated.—I was writing to my *Son*:—a Son whoſe morals were my unvaried attention,

and

and whoſe virtuous education I regarded above all other conſiderations. I could not by one fatal ſtroke of my pen undo all the honorable notions, all the religious ſentiments which I had been inſtilling into him for ſo many years. I muſt have been an impoſtor, a knave, a fool, the weakeſt and the wickedeſt both of fathers and of men, had I miſrepreſented to him the converſation I had with you. He was your own Pupil as well as my Son; and you ſhould diſown him, and I not deſerve to call him mine, had he ſubmitted to be treated with ſo much irreverence. *Debetur reverentia pueris.*

To return to your own letter.—Confidential communications ſeldom exhibit ſuch external proof of their import and tendency as your letter preſents to the moſt indifferent reader.—You deſire to have a conference with me before nine in the morning, as two converſations had that day been held at the board, one of them on the ſubject of the rooms which I then occupied in the College, the other on that of the book I was publiſhing; or rather *a* book, which the board had juſt heard I

intended

intended to publiſh. Now, dear Sir, if the firſt of theſe converſations ended in a commiſſion to ſpeak with me about the rooms, as I ſhall preſently make appear that it did, and as I believe you will not yourſelf deny, becauſe the good Biſhop of Cork was a witneſs to it; then muſt the converſation have taken the ſame turn, and ended alſo in a commiſſion to ſpeak with me about the *intended publication.* No argument can be fairer, no inference more concluſive: not all the logic of the College, and, God knows, they ſtand in need of all they poſſeſs, can make it otherwiſe, or put a different interpretation on it. It were a diſtortion of language, worſe than all the jargon of *Barbara* and *Celarent*, to ſay, that although Mr. Stopford refers to two converſations, and wiſhes to ſpeak with me on *both* of them; yet that when we meet, he only enters upon *one*; and leaves the other unnoticed; or rather carefully avoids the leaſt mention of it, notwithſtanding that both ſtood committed together. If any man will tell me that this is either likely, or deducible from the premiſes, I will give up the queſtion, and be content to paſs for a falſifier the reſt of my days.—How it

came

came that the Biſhop happened not to witneſs what paſſed between us on the *latter* part of your commiſſion, will be accounted for in its proper place.

Let me put a fair queſtion: is it poſſible you can argue after this manner? "Sir, we are now met on the occaſion of my letter: when I alluded to the converſation held by the board on the ſubject of your rooms, I was ſerious in what I wrote, and had authority to confer with you: but when I alluded to their converſation about your intended publication, the fame of which had juſt reached the board, and alarmed their apprehenſions, I was amuſing you with an idle parade of my pen, and had no authority to ſay a word upon the ſubject."

Or will you argue thus? "Sir, though I have told you your book was yeſterday the converſation of the board, I now tell you it was *not* their converſation: and I have not only no commiſſion to treat with you on the ſubject, but the board deny their commiſſion,

and diſclaim any knowledge both of your book and of my letter."

I could put theſe queſtions into twenty different points of view, but two are as good as two hundred.

I hope I am not an unfair adverſary. It is not my character among thoſe with whom I have had the misfortune to differ. I aſſure you, Sir, I am by no means diſpoſed to miſlead either you or myſelf, or to dazzle and confound others. It is my wiſh to meet the queſtion both with temper and with candor: for he that attempts to diſguiſe the truth, does not ſtand on higher ground than he who forges an original falſehood: and you ſhall preſently ſee, that when I come to ſtate the letter to my ſon, I ſhall quote to my own diſadvantage: at leaſt, one half of my readers will ſay I *prove too much*; but this very circumſtance will give new credit to the other parts of my letter. For had I been a bad man, and written with a view of exhibiting or publiſhing that letter on a future day, I would neither have

have expoſed my vulnerable ſide to a malicious reply, (which however, though I do not deprecate it, I know that you, Sir, are incapable of making) nor would I have entered in the former pages of my letter upon certain family matters of a private nature, which I ſhould be ſorry to make known, becauſe they involve others more than they affect myſelf.

I have ſhown from your letter that the board had conferred with you about the book: but candor obliges me to acknowledge that you do not *expreſs* any propoſal from them. That, however, a commiſſion of ſome ſort is *implied*, no man of ſenſe will deny. The only queſtion then is, "What that commiſſion was?" and "what particular publication was the ſubject of the board's diſcuſſion?" This muſt be gathered from *circumſtances*; and ſhould thoſe circumſtances be found to connect in a regular and conſiſtent manner, what man will ſay that your's was a letter without a meaning? And if it *had* a meaning, it will reſt upon yourſelf to prove that ſuch meaning

differed from the propoſal; and alſo to ſhow what *other* publication it was which had alarmed the board. This it will be very neceſſary you ſhould do, becauſe the whole of the queſtion muſt be taken together, and will finally hinge on theſe points. If you ſhall tell me, that it was a mere converſation at the board, and that you had no authority to mention the book, then I anſwer, the rooms alſo were mere converſation, and you had no authority to mention *them*; and that to mention either the one or the other of them in your letter was both nugatory and unneceſſary, not having any reference or meaning whatever, though your letter ſpoke to no other ſubjects. Shall I ſtate the groſſeſt of abſurdities? You write me a letter of buſineſs, and ſolicit an interview:—the interview follows:—You deny the letter, the buſineſs, and the interview.

As the rooms are firſt mentioned in your letter, you firſt entered on that part of your commiſſion. I had prepared breakfaſt for you; but about half after eight you ſent your ſervant, and deſired my company at your own

own chambers. We met: the worthy Biſhop of Cork was with us. When breakfaſt was about half over, you began to open the buſineſs. You ſtated that the board *expected I would give up the rooms*, for if I remember right I had before refuſed to ſurrender them. This you delivered with ſome firmneſs, and I conſidered it as a threat of the board. But threats are not apt to ſcare me, and a defiance always confirms my reſolutions. Doubts indeed I had none, for I had determined to keep the rooms till Mr. Burgh*, whoſe property they

* In a late ſcurrilous libel, univerſally attributed to the ſlanderous pen of Dr. Burrowes, a direct falſehood is maintained. That Reverend Buffoon, among other aſſertions equally ſcandalous and untrue, has ſaid "I was diſpoſſeſſed" of the chambers. This perfectly accords with the general ſyſtem of deception ſet up by the learned impoſtors of the College. The fact ſtands thus. The fellows obſerving that my book was on the eve of publication, and finding that I would not compound with them for the rooms; fearing alſo to take forcible poſſeſſion of them after the ſolemn vengeance I had pronounced upon thoſe who ſhould attempt any violence, got Mr. Elrington to write a ſecret letter to Mr. Burgh of Old-town, containing a palpable lye, and gravely delivered for the purpoſe of impoſing on that gentleman.—It ſhould not be omitted, that Mr. Elrington is Regiſter of Chambers, and that I had formerly ſent him my compliments by Mr. Stopford, acquainting him that I ſhould be at home any morning to receive an Ejectment

they were, and for whom I had a very high reſpect, ſhould intimate a wiſh that I would give them up; as I afterward did to *himſelf*, and

Ejectment, if he choſe to ſerve one upon me; and that when he ſhould come, as he would then be doing his duty in a *legal* and *peaceable* manner, I would treat him like a gentleman, and even *aſk him to ſit down*. But Mr. Elrington did not think proper to deliver any Ejectment, either knowing that the College had no legal claim to the Chambers, or fearing to encounter my perſonal reſiſtance. It does not become me to ſay which, but Mr. Stopford aſſigned the latter motive. At all events, it appears, the College did not chuſe to try the queſtion in a legal way, but preferred a lye both to peace and to juſtice.—On the receipt of Mr. Elrington's letter, Mr. Burgh writes me another, expreſſing his ſurpriſe that I had abandoned the rooms without letting him know it, eſpecially after I had ſo recently written to him on the ſubject, and ſecured a future intereſt in them. The lye now comes out, and Mr. Elrington tells Mr. Burgh I had actually given up the chambers, though I had been ſleeping in them every night for five months before. It was for this lye, and his preſuming to meddle in my private concerns, that my ſon chaſtiſed Mr. Elrington, for the rooms did not belong to the College, but were the *private* property of Mr. Burgh, as much as any man's houſe is his own: Mr. Burgh might let them to any man, and I had a complete intereſt in them as his tenant. But the book was coming out, and it galled the fellows to ſee the author noſing them every day within their own walls.

No ſooner did the breech of the mathematician experience the indignation of my ſon, than Mr. Elrington writes a *ſecond* letter to Mr. Burgh, (or gets ſome of his fellows to write it for him) complaining of the diſgrace. This was on a Saturday; and on the

and at his own ſolicitation, for the peace of the College, or as he was pleaſed to expreſs it, "leſt I ſhould involve him in any difficulty or unpleaſant conſequences:" and ſo I explained it in my correſpondence with the Vice-provoſt. Well:—

the Monday following I received a very friendly letter from Mr. Burgh, wherein he requeſted I would give up the rooms for the reaſons I have ſtated, and that I would leave the keys, not as is uſual with the Provoſt or other officer of the College, but with Lord Mountjoy:— a circumſtance which proves more than fifty arguments could do, that the College had no dominion over the rooms. As ſoon as I received Mr. Burgh's letter, I had no heſitation: what threats could not perform, the bare wiſh of Mr. Burgh effected; and my own voluntary promiſe leaving me no choice, I determined to evacuate the apartments. Accordingly I wrote to the Vice-Provoſt, and acquainted him I ſhould give up the rooms immediately. I have not a copy of my letter, but as my memory does not always forſake me, I am pretty certain the following are the words which I uſed on the occaſion: "To him therefore, (meaning Mr. Burgh) and to him alone, will I ever reſign them. I would no more abandon to the board my right to the chambers, than I would abandon the right I claim of chaſtiſing any fellow who ſhould preſume to be inſolent to me." Indeed I had told Mr Burgh, when I firſt took the chambers, that I would give them up at a week's notice, whenever *he* ſhould deſire it. But my ready compliance with my own voluntary undertaking, and the ſolicitation of the worthy owner of the rooms, Doctor Burrowes with his uſual logic entitles *diſpoſſeſſion*. Mr Burgh will allow, and the Vice-provoſt will not deny, that I have ſtated the truth as it ſtands on its own bottom, not on the *bottom* of Mr. Elrington

Well:—It was a *Threat*.—I took fire;—my indignation flamed;—and I uttered my diſdain of the board with the moſt perfect contempt of them. You repeated their *determination* to have the chambers, and to put me out.—For *me* that was ſufficient:—I roſe from my chair, and regardleſs *to* whom and *before* whom I was ſpeaking, ſwore with equal vehemence and ſincerity, that if in my abſence they ſhould take forcible poſſeſſion, I would indict every man I ſhould find concerned in the Entry: but that if they came in a more manly way, and attempted to diſpoſſeſs me when I was at home, I would let fly two piſtols, being all I had, in their faces, and receive the firſt man that entered on the point of my ſword. This I uttered with a voice and geſture that induced the Biſhop to interpoſe, who with great mildneſs endeavoured to diſſuade me from my purpoſe. But I had ſworn to execute what I had undertaken to perform; and as I am not given to perjury, happy for the board they did not think proper to queſtion my veracity!

At this moment entered a ſtranger, he was known to the Biſhop, and appeared to have buſineſs with him. He ſat down: for a few minutes the converſation was general, after which he uttered ſomething in a low voice directed to the Biſhop.—You beckoned me to the window:—I followed you with a cup of tea in my hand.—You deſired me in a ſort of whiſper to think better of what you had ſaid, and hoped I would give up the chambers quietly.—I was firm.—You now entered on the ſubject of the intended publication, and ſtated, "That the board would allow me to keep the rooms, on condition I would ſuppreſs the work."—My anſwer was conciſe, "I will keep the rooms, and publiſh the book." With a variety of arguments you then implored me to abandon the publication, and even threw out a menace of the board to proſecute me. I laughed, as I now do, at their impotence; and ſaid, I deſired no better ſport, for could I once bring them into a court of juſtice, I knew who would come off Second Beſt. Finding this would not do, you had recourſe to the *ſecond* part of your commiſſi-

on: and you obſerved, that "The board would give my ſon his Examination, provided I did not publiſh." The anſwer I gave you to *that* is already in print: but had I accepted the propoſal, the quiet poſſeſſion of the chambers would have followed of courſe, and neither Mr. Elrington would have had an opportunity of writing falſehoods mathematically, nor my ſon the good fortune of chaſtiſing his demonſtrations. Well:—This would not do. The board then handſomely offer him his Examination *ſpeciali gratiâ*, and you tell me he ſhall have it for nothing. "No Sir," my ſon is entitled to it: He claims it as his *right*, and he ſhall not accept it as a *favor*."—You then propoſed their giving him his *eight terms* to Oxford, which they had refuſed him, provided I would not publiſh. My anſwer was much the ſame as the former, "That having academically kept and paid for Eight Terms, he claimed them as his due; and that though they would give him but *two* terms, he diſdained to accept his right *upon conditions*."

It is certain I have not noticed all this in my Animadverſions, for I was not writing, a hiſtory

a hiſtory either of threats and propoſals, or of private converſations. But the facts notwithſtanding may be true, and *are* true: nor is it becauſe the *nature of the caſe* will not admit of better evidence, that the whole muſt neceſſarily be falſe, and that it carries neither probability nor conſiſtence with it. The more I attempt to prove, the more opportunity I give you of refuting the ſtatement if it be not true in all its parts: and as I have not wilfully narrowed the ground, or ſhunned the broad inveſtigation, the logics of the college may have full play, and by the help of certain Quiddities be exerciſed to advantage. I ſhall anticipate but one argument which I foreſee will be ſtrenuouſly urged, That if any propoſal had come from the board, ſuch propoſal would have been entered on their books, and formed a part of the minutes. To this I have two anſwers: Firſt, That a propoſal might have come from the board, although the board might not *chuſe* to enter it; and that they might individually authorize you to make certain propoſitions, yet find it convenient to deny that authority in a body.—Secondly, That I am informed,

informed, and believe it to be true, that a ſimilar fineſſe was attempted to be practiſed on the Hiſtorical Society, to whom Mr. Elrington had brought propoſals from the board, but afterward denied his commiſſion, and was ſupported in it by the board, *becauſe his inſtructions were not entered on the books.* This, I am informed, is a truth; but not being a member of the Hiſtorical Society, I cannot aſſert it on my own credit. One obſervation, however, comes home: viz. That if Mr. Elrington could, in the face of the *whole Hiſtorical Society*, who had witneſſed his propoſitions, deny his commiſſion; it is not aſtoniſhing that another of the body ſhould deny *his* commiſſion, when he ſtands unconfronted by hundreds, and oppoſed only by the ſingle teſtimony of an Individual.

Finding I would not compound the buſineſs, from propoſals you came down to interceſſions. From the head you appeal to the heart: the threats vaniſh, and the propoſals fly after them. The tone of menace ſettles in a ſoft requeſt, and the board *beſeech* without any condition at all. This was touching

me

me in a ſenſible part, and wrought I aſſure you more upon me than all their fulminations or alluring propoſals. But my ſon was injured, and *ſatisfaction* I had determined to have. My contempt of the board I had expreſſed without reſerve: from *them* you riſe to their ſuperior not more in rank than in virtue and wiſdom; you make it the prayer of the *Vice-Provoſt*, for whom you well knew I had a particular eſteem. —This did not do;—I was not to be moved. You then with a look which had nearly conquered, named another: *Yourſelf* beſought me, *on your own account*. What was my anſwer? "Now indeed you have ſtaggered me; but when I will not yield to *you*, the board have little reaſon to expect I will yield to *them*."

Your motive for beckoning me to the window is obvious. The warmth and vehemence I had diſcovered at the threat of the board was not a proper exhibition to be renewed before a ſtranger, who not only had nothing to do in the buſineſs, but was ignorant of my provocations. Beſide, it had been a high breach of politeneſs, had you interrupted the Biſhop's converſation with the ſtranger, or have made that ſtranger a party in the diſpute.

You

You beckon me, therefore, very properly from the table, and impart at the window the whole of your commiſſion.

I have omitted to ſtate, but I am not too late in mentioning it here, that you told me at the window the board had diſclaimed the conduct of Doctor Burrowes. To which I anſwered, "I care not whether they do or do not diſclaim it: the act of the one is the act of the whole, and my Son is equally the ſufferer." Here, like a ſkilful fencer, you threw in a fair thruſt, or as Oſtrick calls it, a "palpable hit:"—"Doctor Burrowes deſires you will accept his apology, and be aſſured he meant no offence to your Son, or was under any undue influence when he refuſed him his examination." An *apology* has ſoftened me, where a *threat* could not convince: but my anſwer was uniform: "The Doctor has attempted to injure the fame of my ſon; he has refuſed him his examination in the only books that I care about: my ſon has not had juſtice done him. He is denied the benefit of his lawful terms, and his fortunes are deſtroyed.—I will accept no apology." The bell

bell was ringing for prayers, or rather I believe had ſtopped; and our converſation ended with your requeſting I would not publiſh till *after the next board.* And this will account for the earneſtneſs your letter diſcovers to ſee me be-times in the morning. The board had taken alarm, and ſpeeded you to avert the danger. No ſooner do they hear of the intended publication, than they ſend you to me with propoſals; but when you find that I will not accept them, you deſire the buſineſs may ſtand over till you ſhall have a ſecond converſation with the board.

It is not poſſible I can miſtake or forget a converſation ſo intereſting and particular: and were it poſſible that I could, I have a voucher for it in the letter I wrote on the occaſion to my ſon. Several of my friends heard me *at the time* declare the ſtory I have now told. If *I* could forget, my *Letter* could not: my friends could not *all of them* conſpire to make up the ſtory; and fruitful muſt that genius have been, more fruitful than I am allowed to poſſeſs, which could invent ſuch a tale to anſwer no apparent purpoſe! For it

is

is not poſſible I could have advanced an untruth in order to guard againſt a contradiction that might never be made, and which I could not ſuppoſe *would* ever be made. No ſenſible man will ſay, that he who pretends to the ſame common honeſty with the reſt of the world, would be at the pains of fabricating ſo well-connected a narrative *for no reaſon*;—a narrative, the relation of which, or the omiſſion of which, neither added to, nor diminiſhed from, the general ſcope and tendency of the Animadverſions.

But this was not the only time you honoured the ſubject with your notice. I had frequent opportunities of ſeeing you between that period and the month of Auguſt when you went to Cork. In ſome ſhape or other you almoſt conſtantly renewed the ſubject; and once in particular, but I forget the day, for I did not note it, and have no leading circumſtance to refreſh my memory, you called after me in the Library-ſquare, and running up to me in the ſpot where my ſon ſaluted Mr. Elrington, ſaid you wanted to ſpeak with me.

We

We conferred for ſeveral minutes: You renewed Doctor Burrowes's apology, and urged me to accept it. I expreſſed my opinion of him with great warmth; but you juſtified his conduct under the bye-laws of the College. —I damned the bye-laws, and ſaid, no bye-laws ſhould protect him; but that if he thought them a good defence, let him abide by them: I would take care of my Son. You then requeſted, but as from yourſelf, that I would ſtop the publication. My firmneſs you muſt remember. On this, you ſaid you were authorized by the Vice-provoſt, at his own *immediate* requeſt, to entreat the ſuppreſſion of the work; and you particularly ſaid that he had *again* applied to you for that purpoſe. I do not indeed recollect that you then ſaid any thing about the *board*, and I believe you did not: but I am clear that you named both the Vice-provoſt and the apology of Doctor Burrowes. Our converſation ended in your ſoliciting me as the only favor the Doctor would aſk, that I would ſuppreſs the circumſtance of the *marriage*, which he had heard was very ſevere. And this by the way leads to the truth of our converſation; for no ſooner

had I written the *early* part of my book, than I paſſed on to the *later* part on the marriage; and as I ſeldom write but on the ſpur of the moment, and depend leſs on logic than on my own ingenuity for connection, the marriage-part ſtood over, and ſlept in my drawer while I was ſhooting at the intermediate game. It is true I have no letter to produce to our converſation, and no friend to whom I recollect that I communicated the particulars. The fact is, I had made up my mind, and was determined to call the fellows to account. Had I heſitated, or foreſeen the neceſſity of making memorandums, I might indeed be able to bring forward leſs exceptionable evidence: but little expecting I ſhould be called on for *proofs of private converſations*, I did not attend to many circumſtances, of which a more ſuſpicious or a more deſigning man would have availed himſelf. In my profeſſion, however, I have always given more credit to the evidence of him who ſpoke *generally* to a fact, than to the teſtimony of a witneſs laborioufly circumſtantial. The recollection of a circumſtance in a general way, proves that circumſtance to have exiſted; and if a miracle be differently related

by

by different Evangeliſts, ſuch difference is a proof of the miracle. This is the proper harmony of the Goſpels, and the beſt evidence of their divine original, inaſmuch as it ſerves to ſhow that the inſpired writers did not conſent to forge their narrations, or conſpire by an agreement of words to deceive mankind. —Let Infidels hear, and tremble!

You will ſay it is time I ſhould produce my own letter, about which I have ſaid ſo much. Being my own, I feel no other difficulty in laying it before the world than that which ariſes from the very bad ſtyle in which it is compoſed. But I do not ſet up for an epiſtolary writer; and letters of ſober communication afford but little opportunity of flouriſh. Mine is the letter of a father to his ſon, written in the naked language of his heart, *currente calamo*, with a running and careleſs pen. The parts are ill adjuſted, for I was not writing *logically*; and if I conveyed the truth in a broken and disjointed manner, then it was the *truth* I conveyed. Its disjointed members, *disjecta membra*, are not thoſe of a poet dealing in

fiction, but the members of a grave letter-writer (grave at leaſt then) ſpeaking blunt verities, and little ſuppoſing any part of his narrative would appear in print. But this gives importance to the letter; and if in the *harmony* of its parts it differ from the concatenated ſtatement which I have delivered above, it is but the link that is broken, and that very difference is a proof of *the* propoſal. This is all I contend for. My letter ſpeaks explicitly to *that* point; and while it *does* ſpeak to that, the purpoſe of producing it is anſwered. It is dated within, and marked without at the Office, *June 25th.* This fell upon a Wedneſday laſt year, and Wedneſday was my regular day of correſpondence with my ſon. So that had I written on Monday the 23d, my letter would have lain in the Clonard Office till he ſhould ſend for it on Thurſday. This will obviate any objection that I *delayed* to write. I did not delay: I wrote by the earlieſt poſt that my ſon would get my letter.

It is unneceſſary to travel over the old ground, or to drag you through the length of a tedious and very ill-written letter. I ſhall therefore

therefore extract from it juſt ſo much as I may deem neceſſary, but omitting nothing which the niceſt candor would ſuppreſs; and you, dear Sir, or any other gentleman who may queſtion theſe extracts, and will do me the honor to call upon me, ſhall read the *whole* of the original that relates to the buſineſs.

EXTRACTS.

" The board of fellows have ſhewn themſelves the meaneſt r——ls, [*In the original the word is written at large.*] They had the cowardice to ſend Stopford to me from the board with the Vice-provoſt at their head, to requeſt I would not publiſh any thing againſt them.—The anſwer I returned was this, " when they put you by for inſufficiency," &c. [*See p. 72 and 73 of the Animadverſions, where this anſwer is given ſomewhat more conciſely.*] Theſe were pretty exactly my words, and I repeated them to Stopford who brought me their requeſt."

" When this would not do, they offered to give you your Examination. My anſwer was this,

this, I diſdain their favor, my ſon ſhall not accept it, why did they put him by for inſufficiency," &c. [*The remainder of the anſwer is here ſubſtantially the ſame with that printed in page* 73 *of the Animad.*]

" Says Stopford, Doctor Burrowes deſires I will make the fulleſt apology to you:—Sir, I'll receive no apology from him: tell him he has injured my ſon irreparably, and that it will very ſhortly be *my* turn to have my ſatisfaction: but I equally deſpiſe both himſelf and his apologies.—Then Sir, the fellows deſire me to aſſure [*the word* you *in the hurry of writing is omitted*] that *they* have no hand in the buſineſs.—Sir I care not who did or did not do it: my ſon is injured: the act of the one is the act of the whole, they ſhall *all* repent it."

" The fellows will give him all his terms going to Oxford."

" Sir they would do him but juſtice if they did, but I wlll receive no favor from them: my ſon ſhall begin *de novo* at Oxford; it

it would be a ſtigma upon him that it ſhould be known he had ever been a member of this College."

In another place, " Stopford demanded the *rooms*. This I completely ſettled in the ſhorteſt manner, Sir, ſays I," &c. [*Here the letter goes on to give the account of the piſtol-work, &c. named above.*]

Now it may be argued from theſe extracts that the word *propoſal* is never once mentioned. It is very true, I do not recollect that Mr. Stopford himſelf uſed the word to me, but I then underſtood it, and ſtill underſtand it as a propoſal; and ſo will the reader when I ſhall make a few obſervations.

Now what does the letter ſay? " When this would not do, they *offered* to give you your Examination." Is an *Offer* no Propoſal? Offered what? His *Examination*;—the very point at iſſue. " Such," ſaid I in my Animadverſions, " ſuch was their prayer, and ſuch was their propoſal."

But

But *other* propoſals: for I have charged them with making others, and "the fellows will give him *all* his terms going to Oxford:" not *both* his terms, for till now they would give him but *two*. Was this, then, no propoſal? It was; and as a proof of it, I have not ſuppreſſed my "intended publication," and they have not given him all his terms.

When I ſaid that my ſon ſhould begin his education at Oxford *de novo*, I ſpoke rapidly, for I did not then know that he *could* not enter without his Deceſſit from hence. But the fellows knew it, and therefore they deprived him of *ſix* terms in order to fruſtrate the progreſs of his education; for they were ſenſible he would not be content with *two* terms, when he was entitled to *eight*. The conſequence is, that on an application which I have made to the Engliſh Univerſity, I cannot enter my ſon at all, unleſs he takes with him juſt ſo many terms as Doctor Burrowes and his abettors ſhall chuſe to allow him. After this, will any man ſay that the *offer* of *all* his terms was not a propoſal?

I have

I have not ſtated to my ſon any *propoſal* about the rooms: but my not going minutely and philoſophically into every item of the converſation I had with you, does not prove that we had no converſation, or that you made no propoſal about the rooms. In the ſame manner, though I do not mention the letter you wrote me, but ſay generally that the fellows *ſent* you to me, it does not follow that you wrote me no letter at all, or that I have forged one to obtain credit. And, although it was unneceſſary to quote it, when in the ſame letter I ſtate the *aſtoniſhment* of Dean Stopford, it does not deſtroy the *mild interpoſition* of the Biſhop of Cork; for the Dean of Ferns was not conſecrated till the 6th of July, and my letter was written on the 25th of June. It is ſufficient that from the general turn of the letter the propoſal may be gathered: I was not making it either a queſtion or a doubt: and even had I not written a line upon the ſubject, the converſation and the propoſal that reſulted from it would ſtill have exiſted.

Of theſe extracts I am no otherwiſe aſhamed than as every author, anxious for his reputation, feels at having ſome of his worſt writings committed to the cenſure of leaden and malignant logicians;—of men, who as they want candor themſelves, are ſtrangers to the truth in others, be her garb never ſo homely. For the preſent, therefore, I am content to walk forth in any dreſs, provided I can but make the truth to appear: and I truſt that if your own letter did not eſtabliſh it before, mine which grows out of it has not diſproved it. *Simili frondeſcit virga metallo.* I acknowledge indeed that *my* letter would be of little authority, did it not ſtand as the mirror of your own, reflecting the very likeneſs which it does but borrow. If the original be true, its reflected likeneſs cannot be falſe. Where there is ſubſtance, there will be ſhade: and that ſhade proves the *truth* of the ſubſtance.

I come now to that part of my letter which makes *againſt myſelf*, and I uſe theſe words: "I have reaſon to think (for Stopford begged I would not *publiſh* till after the next board) they

they will give you your degree as a matter of favor, on condition that I don't print my book, for I have written ſome dreadful pages ſince I came to town. Should they *give* you your degree, I will certainly take it; but I'll humble them, and make them enter it in their books thus, *Propter eximiam doctrinam præſtanteſque mores.* Is that good latin, you Dog?"—I do acknowledge that I then ſhould have accepted a degree for my ſon, on the condition ſtated: and though I moſt certainly would not have made with the fellows any compromiſe *on my own account*, I am not aſhamed to ſay, that I had the feelings of a father, and that for the advantage of my *ſon* I ſhould have ſuppreſſed the work on the propoſed terms. I then looked, as I do now moſt ſolicitouſly, to his future advancement in life: and it was the very diſcredit which the fellows had endeavoured to attach to him, that cauſed me to provide againſt it by the entry of the *Propter eximiam, &c.* which I ſhould have made an eſſential preliminary. His fortunes ſtood ſuſpended, and at this moment are deſtroyed for the want of that very degree. Was I to ſtand in the way of my ſon's fortunes?

Was I not to abate ſomething of my own pride for his benefit? Could I hereafter endure the reproachful look of a leſs dutiful ſon who might ſay to his father, "Sir, had you accepted the propoſal of the fellows, I might now be a Dignitary in the Church?" Let any *father* put himſelf in my ſituation, and ſay that I acted an unnatural part: no honeſt man will ſay that I did. But I boaſt a ſon who ſpurned the compoſition, and fearing my affection might induce me to accept it for him, came himſelf to town, and ſtood between me and the fellows. Now, good Sir, what was *his* conduct on this occaſion, and what was *yours?* He has authorized me to ſtate, and you had previouſly mentioned the very ſame to myſelf, that you told him the board would give him ſixteen terms to Oxford, if he threw in a *memorial*, but on condition that I ſuppreſſed the book. From your chambers he came directly to mine, and the *very inſtant* he entered he reported to me the converſation he had with you, and the advice which you gave him. His anſwer to you was this, and is pretty much in the ſame ſtrain with that which I gave you myſelf, when

you

you recommended the memorial to me: "I will throw in no memorial; let them come forward themſelves, and I may conſider of it." I had before made you a ſimilar anſwer, but my views and his were different: I ſhould have *met* the propoſal, but would not have *ſought* it: he would have *laughed* at it, and *diſdained* it, after it had been offered. I honor him for it: *he* was right to diſdain it, for it was his own concern: but *I* had no right to diſdain it for him.

And here I confeſs that I was myſelf the perſon who firſt mentioned the ſubject to you: I will ſtate how it happened. A rumour, but I do aſſure you not of my own raiſing, had for ſome days prevailed in the College, that the board would give my ſon his degree, or a qualifying number of terms to Oxford, if I ſuppreſſed the book, which was now in forwardneſs, and ſome of whoſe "dreadful pages" the fellows were well apprized of. You had been out of town, and I met you on horſe-back at the College gate. I told you of the rumour in a whiſper, and deſired a conference with you. This

was

was on Saturday: you named the following morning: in the morning you ſent to me, and put it off till *next* day: Monday came, and you ſent to me again, and put it off till Tueſday. We then met, but not till then. I will not ſay, for I do not know it of my own knowledge, that you had any intermediate conference on the ſubject with the fellows: but this I do know, that from what paſſed between us upon Tueſday, I did preſume you had their full authority to propound the memorial. If you had it not, I cannot poſſibly conceive, how you came to mention the memorial at all; for it was not uſual to give degrees upon memorial, and nothing but the extreme circumſtance of the caſe would have allowed it. You ſee, dear Sir, that I deal candidly by you: I wiſh I could ſay, before I have done with the ſubject, that your conduct has been equally candid towards me.

While I am writing, my ſon deſires I will ſtate on his authority, a circumſtance which I did not know before; that when he converſed with you on the ſubject of the memorial,

morial, you mentioned to him the former propoſals of the board, that they would give him either the Examination which they had taken from him, or his eight terms to Oxford, on the conditions ſtated. How it happened that he did not tell me this at the time, is obvious enough: It had not then become a queſtion, we both were familiar with the fact, and there was no occaſion that either of us ſhould be making confeſſions and acknowledgements of what each knew ſo well before.

From *my* candor I paſs on to *your own*.— Neither the memorial, nor the graduating terms to Oxford, were at all in queſtion or diſpute, and the fellows had publiſhed nothing concerning *them*; when, on the *very night* that the board had proclaimed their pompous denial of having made me "any propoſal whatever," you write me a ſolemn guarded letter, wherein you introduce, or rather force upon my attention, theſe words, "I remember to have heard you ſay that if the board would give Deane certain terms that you would give up the publication of your pamphlet." But indeed you do me full juſtice,

tice, when you add, "you did not commiſſion me to make this offer." Now, dear Sir, I know the ſimplicity of your heart to be ſuch, that you could not have written this artful letter of your own mere motion, for it had nothing to do with the oſtenſible object of your writing, which affected to hold out a reference to what the board had that morning been publiſhing. For this reaſon I do not ſcruple to ſay, that ſome cunning and unprincipled man ſuggeſted it to you, and even adviſed you to write it, in order to over-reach me. I ſhot through the artifice at a glance: you took care to ſend the letter to me at a late hour of the night, and expected a hurried-up anſwer. I was aware of it; I ſaw the ſnare that was laid for me, and reſolved not to fall into it. You are at liberty to publiſh my anſwer, though I had no loving friend at my elbow to dictate or amend it; for having loſt your confidence, I found it neceſſary to be circumſpect in what I ſhould give you under my hand. I candidly tell you, that I conſidered your letter as one of the moſt inſidious I had ever read; particularly as I had told you but eight and forty hours before, that I had a former one of yours which would go to the

point

point of your propoſals: nor can I view it in any other light than as an intended *Sett-off*, in caſe I ſhould reſort to the letter you had forgot. But this very circumſtance proves the *truth* of the propoſals themſelves better than any teſtimony of mine. You may acquaint the gentleman who adviſed you to write that letter, and waited with you till my anſwer arrived, that I hold him in perfect contempt.

Alas, dear Sir, when I look to yourſelf, I ſee in you the openneſs of a gentleman; but when I behold you endeavouring to prop a falling wall, I cry out with Dean Swift, "Take care it does not cruſh you in its ruins!"

And will you, my dear Sir, declare *upon your honor* that you never, either on the Circular-road, or in any other place, conjured me to have mercy on Doctor Burrowes, or to ſpare the reſt of the fellows? Did you never confidentially *repeat* and urge your entreaties on that head, and were you never charged by them with any other meſſages to me? Had I read to you no parts of my book, had I recited to you

none of its contents? Did you never laugh, did you never mourn over any of its pages? Do you, dear Sir, *upon your honor*, know of no FRAUDS which the board had attempted to ſurpriſe upon me? Do you know nothing of any Law-ſuit with which I threatened them for their impoſitions? Had you no conference either with the Vice-provoſt, or with any other member of the board, concerning three of their fraudulent extortions, which they inſtructed you to check in the caution-money I had left in your hands? Have you forgot a ſum of ten ſhillings, another ſum of ten ſhillings and ten pence, and a third ſum of three pounds fourteen ſhillings and five pence? If your memory has failed you as much in this as it has failed you in certain other matters, I will refreſh it with the correctneſs of the Attorney, whom I employed to bring an action againſt the pillagers of youth. Did you not, either on your own authority, or on that of your employers, beſeech me that I would forbear to publiſh the ſtory in my Animadverſions? Whether you ſhall deny it or not, the fact will ſoon appear in evidence, when the frauds of your friends will undergo

a ſevere

a ſevere ſcrutiny. For your ſake, however, though I did not ſuppreſs my book, I ſuppreſſed the tale: but for the ſhame of the board, and ſince they have provoked me to it, I now publiſh it to the world, and ſtate that on the firſt of laſt November, when they found I would no longer be trifled with, but was juſt going to attack them with a writ, they honeſtly acknowledged the fraud, and actually gave up the ſums in queſtion. I told you at the time that no man regarded the money leſs than I did, and that had my ſon been better treated, I ſhould not have diſputed it, though it had been ten times as great; but that for the ſake of juſtice, and for the intereſt of the youths whom my ſon had left behind him in College, I ſhould bring the buſineſs before my Lord Clonmel, and take a verdict upon it. You amuſed me with much College cant about cuſtoms and bye-laws, of which I did not underſtand a ſingle word, till the lateſt day approached that I had given the fellows to conſider of it; when, not chuſing to meet the queſtion in the King's Bench, they at once abandon the extortion and ſupplicate my mercy. I am not an ungenerous adverſary; I told it

not in Gath, but reſumed the inſtructions I had given to my Attorney. Let the fellows deny it if they dare, *becauſe they have not entered it on their books*; but I adviſe them to take care how they again reſort to that wretched ſubterfuge, leſt I ſhould produce theſe very inſtructions, together with two letters of your own which you may have forgot, and another of Mr. Quail which I ſuppoſe he has *not* forgot. And now will you affect to ſay that you have not been in the habit of communication with me, either on the ſubject of the fellows and my ſon, or on that of the "intended publication?"

Ah! Sir, the facts are as flaming as they are recent. It was to *you* that the fellows turned for protection. They knew that your talents, your worth, and the ſuavity of your manners might overcome, where ignorance and profligacy ſhould kneel in vain; and they ſent you, as the board of Grecian commanders had done before, in quality of the amiable and reſpected tutor, to work like another Phœnix upon an angerd man, who though he never was a hero, had left off fighting and turned his ſword into a pen.—

a pen.—But neither the tears nor the voice of Phœnix could perſuade.

To charge a man with being influenced by others, is to ſay that he is under a mental incapacity of judging for himſelf, that he is not a free agent, and may be incited to an act that wars with his own ideas of right and wrong. The charge is a harſh one, and therefore I will not raſhly impute it to you or to any man: but when you publickly denied what I had aſſerted, and I hope have proved, either you were under the influence of others, or you muſt have acted of your own free choice. There is no alternative, and neither of them is deſirable. Of the two, however, I think it leſs to your credit that in the preſent caſe you ſhould have acted from the impulſe of your own mind, which I am ſure is not naturally prone to miſrepreſentation. I am the more inclined to think the fellows drove you into the meaſure, becauſe I know you too well to ſuppoſe that any thing but *their* influence could have induced you to proſecute *me*, who had always been your friend, and am not now your enemy, for defaming you

in

in my Animadverſions. I never was more aſtoniſhed in my life, than when Mr. Waller's Clerk ſerved me with a rule at your Suit, for a libel upon you. How, my dear Sir, have I wronged you in my publication, or as the board call it, my *intended* publication? What offence did I give you? And if I have given Dr. Burrowes a few ſlaps in the face, is that a libel upon *you?* Was the exception I made in your favor, on account of your own worth and the eſteem I bore you, a libel upon truth, and a miſrepreſentation of your character? In what page of my book have I imputed perjury to you, traduced your virtue, or impeached your learning? After this, will you tell me that you are not under the influence of the fellows, but that you proſecute me with conſiſtence, and act from the unſtimulated malice of your own heart on account of the good-will I bear you; and that you avenge yourſelf upon me for the kind expreſſions which the warmth of my friendſhip let fall? Was it not enough, that with ſo little reaſon you publickly accuſed me of falſehood, becauſe the board had incited you to it; but that you muſt *proſecute* me alſo to gratify that

board

board at the expence of your own feelings as a friend, and your own high character as a man?—I did not expect it of you: but I know too much of human nature to be aſtoniſhed at it, and have too much charity not to forgive the virtue that did but ſleep. I reproach no man, and have long ceaſed to repine at the frailties of friendſhip. A large portion of my life has been laid out in promoting the particular and general intereſts of others; yet a bitter experience of my folly has not taught me better wiſdom; and while I deem it a duty to benefit ſociety, I ſhall neither be ſtung by ingratitude, nor ſcared by perſecution. I have learned to forgive a diſkindneſs with the ſame chearfulneſs that I enter on the ſervice of a friend: and you do not yet know me if you imagine I am not ſincere when I aſſure you, that from my heart I forgive you the unkind part which the fellows have induced you to take, as well in denying your commiſſion, as in your preſent proſecution of me. One way, however, is yet left you to retrieve your credit with the world:—*Diſclaim the proſecution*—and let it be ſeen yon are not under a degrading dominion, that can influ-

ence

ence the ſteadineſs of your virtue either to deny truth or to proſecute your friend.

I have reſerved one remark for the concluſion of this long letter.—That which in its own nature was difficult to prove, becauſe it was confidential, and had no third perſon to witneſs it, the fellows boldly and publickly deny: for they did not know I had a letter to produce that was better than any oral evidence. But when I had animadverted on them with charges that diſgrace them in the ſight of Europe, they make no reply; well knowing that others could ſpeak to the facts, as well as myſelf.—I truſt, that having read thus far, and being convinced of the literal and general truth of the foregoing pages, you will do me the juſtice to ſay, that I have not miſrepreſented a queſtion on which the honor of us both publickly depended; and that I have adhered to the diſpaſſionate intention I ſet out with, not to "attack the veracity of another, but to be content with defending my own."

I have the honor to be,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

THEOPHILUS SWIFT.

Park-ſtreet,
March 23d, 1795.

301555